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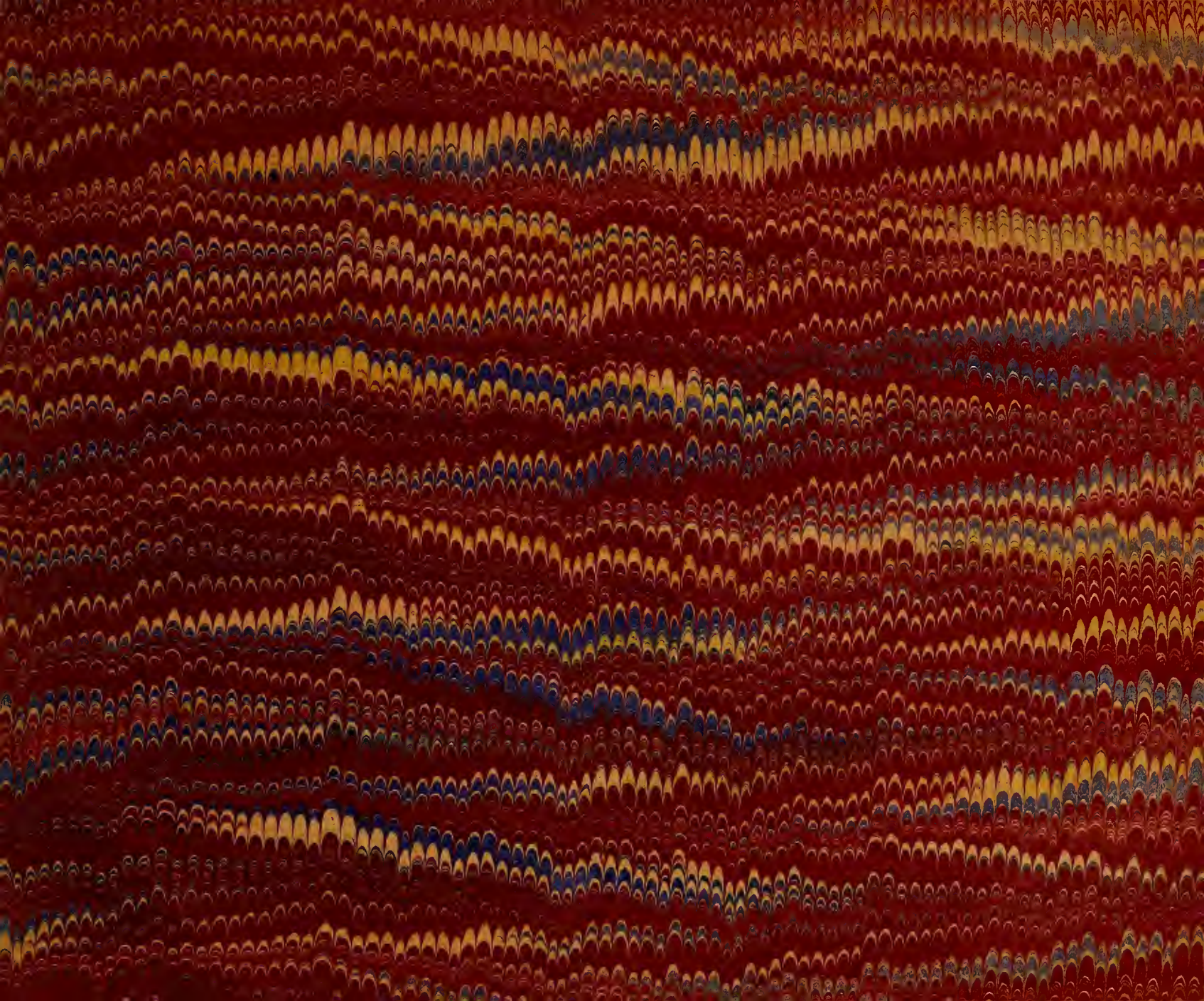
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PICTURES  
& POEMS  
OF THE

PIKE'S PEAK REGION

PICTURES  
BY  
W.H. SANFORD,

POEMS BY ERNEST WHITNEY.

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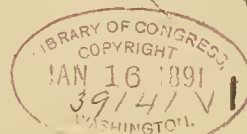
PICTURES AND POEMS  
OF THE  
PIKE'S PEAK REGION.

PICTURES BY W. H. SANFORD.

POEMS BY ERNEST WHITNEY.

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FROM PRESS  
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N. Y. PHOTO-GRAVURE CO.,  
NEW YORK.



## COLORADO.

Land of the undimmed heaven ! where the earth  
Hath reared her noblest altar to the sun,  
A continent its basis, and when done  
Capt with the navel of creation's birth.

Here the new light first burst the world-cloud's girth.  
Here through the sky a bluer woof is spun ;  
A kindlier heat is from the day-god won,  
Danae's boon freed from its curse of dearth.

The land of beauty and sublimity,  
The land of color, the world's wonderland ;  
Earth's teeming mint where orient ores expand ;

The haunted home of ancient mystery ;  
And in this world of death, disease, and strife,  
The one true home of peace and hope and life.









## PIKE'S PEAK.

Lone, hoary monarch of the Titan peaks,  
Offspring of heaven and earth in planet jars,  
Bare-bodied savage, grim with unhealed scars,  
To thy wild hand thy voice in thunder speaks;

Thy sword stroke is the avalanche that wreaks  
Quick vengeance on thy kneeling victim. Wars  
Come but to yield thee homage, and the stars  
Visit thee nightly, yet thy long gaze seeks

Unsatisfied the playmate of thy prime——  
O longing like to mine!—that goddess bright,  
The ocean stream. O deep embrace! that time

Forgets not, ere stern gods beyond thy sight  
Her dungeons sunk. Thy memory that; thy hope  
This ocean-seeking stream that cheers thy slope.









## PIKE'S PEAK.

A silver cone in golden heavens high.  
Pure altar whose bright top the suns illumine  
With clouds of radiant incense. A great gloom  
Athwart the night, where the stars totter and die.

A Titan's threat the noonday heaven nigh.  
A promise from the desert. Mount of Doom.  
Lightning filled. Crest of the Continent. The tomb  
Of long lost races. Pillar of the sky.

Parent of waters. Nurser of the plains.  
Giver of gold. King of eternal hills.  
Old symbol of the lasting and the true.

Day after day unchanged it aye remains,  
Yet day by day an aspect new it fills:  
The great is always great and ever new.









## The Gateway at the Garden of the Gods.

'Tis the gate of the mountains, the gate to the plains,  
The gate to a world of new, unknown domains ;  
And the hosts of the east throng through it, wide ope,  
For they read on its portals "The haven of hope."

'Twas the gate of the dawn of the first morning bright,  
And still feels the glow of creation's new light.  
Wide swung on the marge of the sea and the land,  
'Through it crawled the monsters that haunted the strand

In primeval ages. Its threshold was worn  
By life's long processions while Eden, forlorn,  
Still waited life's promises. Under its arch  
Passed race after race in humanity's march

When the bound of the west, to the mind of the east,  
Was the gate where Alcides his wandering ceased.  
What wonder the poet who under it trod  
Deemed he walked through the gate of the garden of God.

For it rose in a glory of transcendent gleams  
Like the vision which shone on the prophet in dreams ;  
And he saw through its portals, through vistas sublime,  
The wonders God works in earth's happiest clime.







## The View from the Peaks.

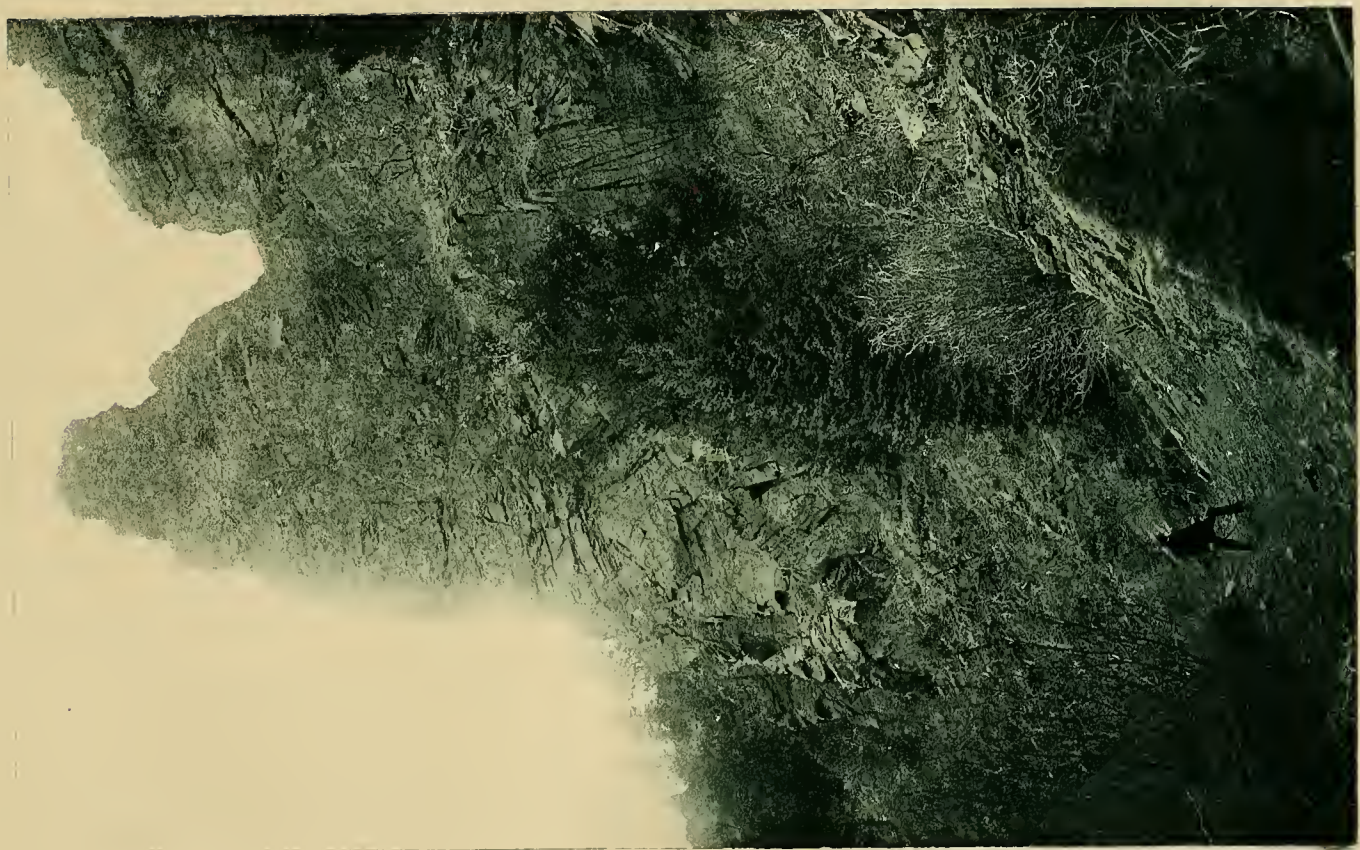
Sculptured by glacial chisel, and wrought  
Slowly to shape by the storm torrent's toil.  
Angel of God ! what all unearthly thought  
Lies in this group of Titanic turmoil ?

What is Laocoön ? weak ! let it go !  
Look to these warring ones, helmed black and white :  
Once in high heaven, ere earth swung below,  
Archangels battled, and such was the sight !

Again look at midnight : stunned, cold with new loss,  
These are the fallen, bound under Hell's bars :  
Stern over all frowns the Mount of the Cross,  
And heaven is bright with the triumphant stars.









## IN CHEYENNE CAÑON.

*(Written on a blank leaf in Keats' Hyperion.)*

Deep in the shady sadness of this glade,  
Far from the fiery noon and eve's lone star,  
I see old Saturn resting after war.  
The forests hang above as though scarce stayed

From falling, and the silence, like the shade,  
Seems palpable. I look from cliff to scar,  
And lo! cloud like, she cometh from afar  
With regal step, Thea, the undismayed.

The cañon fills with Titan shapes; they stand  
Leaning their shoulders on the mountain rocks,  
Or reaching boldly out a threatening hand

To grasp the huge world fragments, earthquake blocks  
Then heaven frowns black with storm, the lightning brand  
Falls, and the dim cliffs shudder with quick shocks.

# NOTES ON THE HISTORY OF THE

AMERICAN PEOPLE

The American people have been  
the subject of much discussion  
and controversy. It is the  
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## IN NORTH CHEYENNE CAÑON.

Aloft to the sunset light towers the ledge ;  
The ivy hangs heavily over the edge,  
As a cataract ready to fall o'er its face  
Had paused ere its plunge for the fear of the place.

The harebell and columbine cling to the cliff,  
Where the frost-king hath carven his wierd hieroglyph,  
Like the spots of bright color on manuscript old  
Where the secrets of faith and of magic are told.

And here hover readers, the raven and dove,  
From the same palimpsest reading hatred and love.  
And turning to utterance mystic the spell  
They have read from the runes on the rock in the dell.

'Tis a temple enchanted and hallowed of old,  
And its priests are the fir-trees so solemnly stoled,  
Ever chanting in murmuring harmony low

In anthems the mysteries none other know,  
Ever shedding their sweet benedictions of peace  
On the soul that here seeketh in nature release.











## THE SEVEN FALLS.

These are man's seven ages in the stream  
Of life eternal, hurrying with the roar  
And rush of madness to the goal; and sore  
With toil to make life's rugged pathway seem

Less painful. Half in air, as they did deem  
Strong-binding earth no part of them, but bore  
A life ethereal, and therefore wore  
This cloud-white livery, bright with heaven's gleam.

Earth is the jagged cliff in Time's long course,  
Life's death leap: o'er it, from an unknown source,  
Life breaks, a living stream before; and still

Flows on mysterious missions to fulfill  
Beyond the present, toward the unknown sea  
Down the long reaches of eternity.









## THE MOURNERS ON CHEYENNE.

*(At the grave of H. H.)*

There Summer cometh, shuddering at death,  
Bowing her regal beauty in her dread  
Long bitterness of loss, and scattereth  
Dust, dust and bitter ashes o'er the dead.

There sobered Autumn in funereal weed,  
With locks dishevelled, leaves her ripest sheaf,  
And while low winds a solemn requiem lead,  
She, lingering, weeps her fill of wasting grief.

And Winter, from the battle fields of storm,  
Scarred, worn, and woe-racked, yearly bringeth there  
His calm white shroud, to spread above that form,  
Keeping unjarred the peace he cannot share.

And Spring, with dew-bright eyes gladdened with hope,  
Brings hither all the first flowers of the lea ;  
And while with brow toward heaven her eye-lids ope,  
She softly whispers " Immortality ! "







## UTE PASS.

Vast corridor through Nature's roofless halls,  
Pike beckons welcome far across the land  
To this sole gateway through his granite walls,  
By Chaos wrought with harsh, primeval hand.

He scarred his pathway through the frightened chasm  
With shattered ledge, and splintered crag in air,  
And cliffs that writhe as though, in torturing spasm,  
Some hideous monster met the Gorgon's stare.

But only once he through the ravine stormed,  
While year by year roamed Beauty in the path,  
And wheresoe'er she stept, that spot transformed  
Bears her soft smile amid his work of wrath.









## ON CHEYENNE MOUNTAIN AT TWILIGHT.

The pale light lingering along the land,  
The low land sinking through the waning light,  
Fill me with sobered thought. So comes the night  
Of death, when lifted high o'er earth we stand,

And all fades out beneath us, while more grand  
Heaven opens wide above. New glory bright  
Comes in the nearer stars, that fill the sight  
Down to the darkness by earth's shadow spanned.

And the sweet peace that man so rarely gains,  
Though nature ever offers it to all,  
Comes balmy, soothing life's tumultuous pains.

Lo! the old truth enforced, though blind and bound  
I move nor see beyond life's carnal wall,  
Yet heaven is here as in the vast profound.









## IN MONUMENT PARK.

Read the story of the stones !  
We are in the house of thrones,  
On the graves of empires dead  
When the earth but giants bred.

And our race of petty men  
Lived but in the prophet's ken.  
Crumbled are their palace walls,  
Roofless lie their empty halls.

And the pillars stand in vain  
Bowed beneath their ancient strain.  
Dust are all the kings to-day  
Who amid these courts held sway ;

Humbled are the temple gods,  
And the broken idol nods  
O'er the altar, bare and cold,  
Where the victim knelt of old

But the groups of regal forms,  
Changeless through a thousand storms,  
Mute historians of the past,  
Tell the ancient tales at last.

Nay, what grace can artifice  
Add to such a scene as this !  
Then away with fancy's guess !  
Better Nature's truthfulness,

Simple, beautiful, sincere.  
She hath nobler history here,  
Eloquent to every heart  
More than utterance of art.

Solemn as a chanted hymn  
In cathedral cloister dim.  
Even the savage in this dell

Felt the soul within him swell  
With the sense of higher things  
Which the best of nature brings.













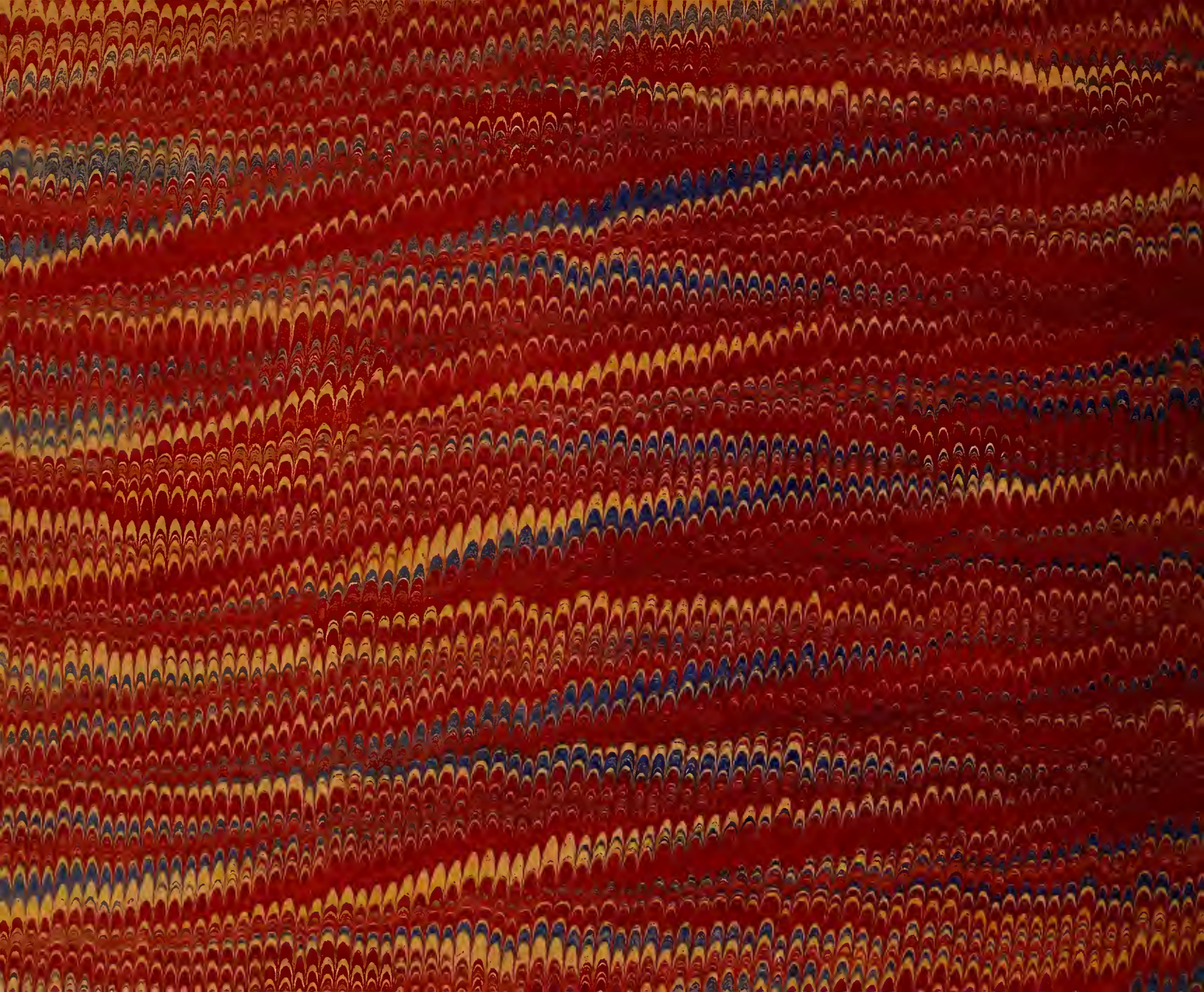














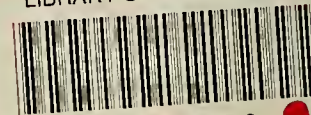
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